ROPE AND POISON.

The Closing Acts in the Brock Tragedy.

HOW OSCHWALD AND RYAN DIED

The Former Strangled on the Gallows, the Latter Expires in His Cell.

Ryan's Last Horrible Night-Poisoned and Drunk.

BOTH DENY BLOOD-GUILTINESS.

Remarkable Scenes In and Around Newark Jail Yesterday.

WERE THEY INNOCENT?

Startling Letter from a Woman Calling Her Husband the Murderer.

There was so much mystery, fuss and nonsenso over Ryan at Newark, yesterday, that simple obedience to early hour on Wednesday evening a patrol was placed around the jail, and a respectable citizen was not alowed to walk along the streets in the neighborhood thout being watched by these officious constables. with the preparations for the morning's and fairly bursting with the importance event and their share in it. en favorites came and went at their pleasure, would unlock the gates of Newark jail. The reporters whose duty it was to gather the details relating to the last hours of the doomed men were rigorously excluded from the prison, while the doors almost fell down in abjection before the small Jersey politicians who enjoyed the favor of the Sheriff. Every request for lities in the duty imposed upon the representatives of the press was rudely refused, and "I know nothing was the only response which could be in reply to questions touching the prisoners. On the outside there were rumors of the impending death of Ryan flying from mouth to mouth, and among these ions of poison were frequently heard. At the prison none of these rumors could be verified, further han that Ryan was in a very low state, but that stimulants had been administered and that he was better. The gossips had better opportunities of knowing the truth than the news gatherers, and the deputy sheriffs and small fry politicians opened their mouths wide to their cronies and companions while closing them tightly to the reporters. But truth, like murder will out, and bit by bit the facts were gathered which ell one of the most remarkable tales ever recorded of the last hours of a murderer

THE DOOMED MEN. Ryan and Oschwald were two young men who were born and nved all their lives in Newark. As their sames indicate the one was of Irish, the other of Geran extraction. A singular friendship existed between them and they were companions in suffering as well as in crime. Ryan's home was within a stone's throw of the prison where he was to die so miscrably, ad each of them had a father and brothers who were of his fate. Oschwald was the younger of the two, and, as the evidence tended to show, guiltier, while his hie had been more blameless. This was his first crime but it brought with it his last punishment. was he, according to the prosecuting officers. who fired the fatal shot which cost Officer Brock h life and doomed himself and his companion to the gala sympathy which was not extended to the other, simwas already known for his evil deeds. "Tommy," commonly called "Jack" Ryan, had already served a term in the New York State Prison, and he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged apparently on general principles. Nobody pretended that he had shot or even shot at Officer Brock. It was not shown that he had aided or even counselled the shooting. From the outset he asserted his innocence, without accusing his companion, and both of them died denying their guilt. All this gives to the case a peculiar interest and invested the death story of Oschwald and Ryan with a romance which seldom surrounds the last hours of two doomed murderers.

INNOCENT OR GUILTY? Their asseverations of innocence would in themselves have toucked the popular imagination. It is hard to believe that even a convicted murderer can die with a lie upon his lips. Protestations of innocence on the scaffold always leave a bitter flavor behind them, and when they are persisted in they are usually met by an almost feverish anxiety to destroy the spectre which they raise by a final confession. It is not often that efforts so strenuous and so persistent, and at the same time so iruitless, are made to this end as were made in the case of Oschwald and Ryan. Their last hours were embittered by the appeals of officials, of counsel and of friends for an acknowledgment of their guilt. Indeed, the efforts of the lawyer who had defended them upon their trial to induce them to acknowledge the crime laid at their door can only be characterized as extraordinary. Under the very shadow of the gallows he quoted Scripture to them, and implored them if they were guilty to acknowledge their guilt. "If I had anything to confess I would confess it now," Ryan answered, and Oschwald, in a coarser

way, was even more emphatic:-"I am an innocent boy, and that's the end of it." Even after this, and with a copy of their statement in his possession, Mr. Morrow appealed to them again, but met with the same response. Nothing could move them from the position they had taken in the beginning, and they both died leaving such testimony as they could behind them touching their innocence of the crime of which they were convicted. It is a curious document, and cannot fail to excite a profound interest both on account of its peculiar asseverations and the remarkable circumstances under which it was pub-

RYAN AND OSCHWALD'S DYING STATEMENT. The following, prepared by Oschwald, is the statement referred to. It was given to Samuel Morrow on the day before the execution :-

ment referred to. It was given to Samuel Morrow on the day before the execution:—

We, the undersigned, make the following dying statement to the public:—That we are coursely innocent of the crime for which we are to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, and know nothing about it whatever; for it we did we would now make a full conicession of it, as it would be of no use to assert our innocence any further. As for Mr. J. Fussell's testimory, we have only to say that he is mistaken in the party. We do not mean to say that he did not see any one leaving the house of Mr. Bedell; but, as for a man that will usely his own character and cannot recognize his own friends with whom he had personal acquantance and dealings before he came to this country, it does not look at all reasonable that he could so positively identify two entire strangers to him—as he swore we were—at a momentary glance, and then cannot give any particular reason how he identified them, only they had dark clothes on and wore stiff brimmed hats. As for John Koch, a man who was first arrested on a charge of committing the deed, and who is now in State Prison for a their he deed, and who is now in State Prison for a their he committed in Union county, we do not know what his object was for swearing false against us, unless it was to screen himself, as he told several parties when he was committed to jail. These were his expressions:—

1 had to say something to get out of it myself."

And, furthermore, a man that says that August 2 was the first night he ever slept away from home (which happened to be the night this terrible tragety occurred) and his reason for staying out that night was because he could not get in his house after ten "clock in a night, and when he was croas-examined and followed up, he was out after ten "clock in a night, and when he was croas-examined and followed up, he was out after ten o'clock on July 31 and got into his house with a night key. Cyrus Brown, the little colored boy who swore to the same effect that Koch did—that w

about Mr. Brewer, the son-in-law of the Blanchard family? He is the man that furnished the tools which were used for committing the hat robbery to which his brother-in-law, J. S. Blanchard, has pleaded guilty. And what was the reason of Chief Mills swearing it was a small boy who brought the news of the tragedy to the police when he knew it was J. S. Blanchard? Now, when the learned prosecutor, G. N. Abeel, was trying to sum up the case on the part of the State, he tried to bring in his theory that he saw the mud on the back fence in Oschwald's yard, which he tried to make the jury believe was there from the 3d day of August until the 3d day of November, and also stated to the jury to make an example of these two young men, for it will be a warning to others. Now this is all we have to say. We are entirely innocent of any part of this crime for which we are doomed to die, and we feel sure our innocence will couse to light some time. Our lives were sworn away by wilful perjurers and the prejudice of the press by misrepresenting us. We are very thankful to our counsel, for they did all that lay in their power to save us; but it was a conspired arrangement from beginning to end. They, the State, were bound to hang us, no matter what evidence was produced to show our innocence.

This is a true statement.

CHARLES H. OSCHWALD.

SOME SINGULAR CHARACTERISTICS. The thought that will rise uppermost in the mind while contemplating a statement so characteristic is that if it was conceived and written by two guilty men. ment, the only motive for it could be desire to mitigate as far as possible the shame entailed by the crime would indicate a sensitiveness and delicacy of teeling credited. Each of the in a different way least, not with the stolid indifference so often exhibited on the gallows, but with the calm philosophy of a afford to look death calmly in the face, because the wrongs which he suffered were coequal with his extremity. His youth made such a death scene all the more wonderful, and its terrible outlines were all the more weird in contrast with the dying agonies of his companion in misfortune. Whatever may have been the untimate cause of Ryan's death, there can be all hope was gone and he was brought face to face with self to escape the shame of the gallows?" was the question that was on everybody's lips yesterday morning, and with it was mingled an aspiration that was as universal in its utterance-"If only these men had told all they knew-there is a story behind this murder." It is the general impresion that other persons besides Oschwald and Ryan were concerned in the double crime of August 3, 1876, and the double episode of yesterday has inspired a widespread regret that every circumstance attending the crime was not unravelled before the law was exeecuted in all its dreadful potency.

RYAN'S LAST HOURS. The story of Ryan's death is one of those terrible recitals which appeal to the imagination rather than the experience of men. The physical sufferings of his last hours were only faintly reflected in his mental agonies. When the cell in which he was confined with Oschwuld was first entered on Wednesday morning it was found that he was very ill. Nothing would rest on his sto mach, but the presence of poison was not suspected. Physical prostration, superinduces by the fear of death, was supposed to be the malady from which he suffered, and even in the evening the officers at the jail said it was "only his nerves," and declared that stimulants bad soothed him and put him to sleep. Later in the night, however, he was awake, and very wide awake. The stimulants which the doctors had given him had kept him alive, but he was drunk, very drunk. Brandy, whiskey, champague, ale, lager beer, had all been given him to drink, and as he drank he cried for more. Death stood before him in all its terrors, and he was not only drunk but a madman. He tossed and rolled and raved. Sometimes he would cry out that he might at once be taken to the gallows and in the next breath he would beg piteously for "another bottle of Milwaukee lager." It was the delirium of despair, the fitful gusts of blind passion in which the longing for life and for death mingled and blended. The distorted images of the wildest imagination never conjured from the incantations of a Hecate anything so disordered, unreasoning, agonizing. By turns his moanings were plaintive and terrible. His cries pierced the hearts even of the Jer-

agonizing. By turns his moanings were plaintive and terrible. His cries pierced the hearts even of the Jersey constables who had been appointed to guard him in his hast moments, and could not fail to reach the ears of his companion in doom in the adjoining cell. Oschwald said he feared "Tommy" would have to be carried to the gallows in the morning, and once in his aging Ryan cried out:—
"Brace up, Charley!"

Gradually the spark of life was burning down to the socket, and his breath came more and more gently until the sufferer swooned, gasped and expired.

The death scene was as simple as the events preceding it were agonizing. The stimulants had been loilowed by scentives. First the doctors made the doomed man drunk and now they were making him sober. Sweet spirits of animonia were substituted for champange and when day dawned the doomed man was comparatively quiet. In the light of the morning it was seen that his palind features wors a ghastly shade. Just before eight o'clock he asked to get up and was assuad out of bed and almost carried to a chair. He asked for a cup of tea and it was given him. Scarcely had he drank it when his head sonk on his breast and a deadly palior spread over his face. It was the moment before dissolution. It was seen that he was dying, and aimost before the officer in attendance could come to his assistance he was dead. His death occurred a few minutes after eight o'clock, and the news spread like widdire over the city. Renewed sympathy for Oschwald was its first effect, and a movement to save him from the gallows was begon, but everything has been done which could be done, and while the body of Ryan was removed, and a movement to save him from the gallows were effected and the brevated some evidences of poisoning, the mucous membrane being inflamed in some places as if by a corrosive poison. The stomach, a section of the liver, part of the intestines and a part of the ecophagua were removed, and will be sent to New York for chemical analysis.

GOING TO THE EXECUTION.

WHO KNOWS THIS HANDWRITING?

To the public at large, as well as to students of criminal jurisprudence, the fac-simile of a letter eccived yesterday morning at the HERALD office, which is printed below, will be of the greatest interest. It is well known that the relatives of condemned criminals often adopt similar means to stay the hands of justice, in ignorance of the little weight which the law or its over-sure officials give to such anonymous efforts. But the case of Oschwald and Ryan is now decided, so far as their lives are concerned, and this soi-disant confession by the wife of the real murderer claims attention. Ryan at his last gasp, and Oschwald under the gallows, solemnly denied the crime, which, more witness at the trial saw committed. The evidence was strong but purely circumstantial. In all the facts developed there was still room left for some one else to step with bloody hands between them and the corpse of Officer Brock. There is such a thing as remorse; selfishness is common to humanity. With these two factors of deeds at work in the bosom of an uneducated woman the letter received at the HERALD office might well be a result—kept back until too late, for selfishness' sake; sent on too late-a sop to remorse. In printing a fac-simile of this letter a duty to the public is done. A jail official, a legal adviser of the State, or may be a Governor, might toss it by with contempt, but their wisdom is not by any means a final test of the truth. The letter, taken with the circumstances of the crime, the limits of the evidence and the vehement denials of the two men who died yesterday, gives weight to the questions :-- Were they innocent ! Is the real murderer still at large? Is this the handwriting of his wife?

To The Herold Well gon please fullish This in your Roper - As for by silm I can not longer lug I had hoped to lup My Sent in by our best intill death - lech I can not die low runcens men go to The faleur The world I am dut a pan hint-hoken wemen Should 5 come forward and clin Them I would how to enth I love and I can not few him go to the golews although her is The quelly polly- you may Think lun menges I have-lut as for by Knowing Then I have one That has be Deer They have new do may god forgume for - Ro hard god Knows De The fother of by little ones ihn in the soleurs

the me god will forgithe

I lite you as god is to judy

he and him the he and him They are encent I have witched The pipers and now as They must-lith luffer -I want-gon to f

This in your paper do Then poor speends may Know after Them is by progen the my writing as 5 im a last while

exception. Early in the morning a strong guard was placed around the jail, and unless a man was armed with an order, "countersumed and approved," it was impossible for him to approved, the ricketty old building in Newark avenue which the people of Newark dignify with the name of the Essex County Jail, Unit within a week of the execution the convicted men were guarded by only one jailer, and until the day previous by only two. The ostentatious array of constabulary yesterday mermine and the night before was in itself a sarcasm.

began the serious work of the morning, of which this outward display was only an indication.

Awaiting this execution.

Charles Oschwaid was hanged in the corrider on the ground floor of the pail. This corridor is a spacious hai, bounded by a side wall of the lail on the south side and ou the north side by tiers of cells. In No. 3, cn the lower tier, near the routinern end, the condemned man was confined: He could have peered through the grating of the cell and seen at the other end the beam and dangling rope of the gallows, prepared for his stranglation, at any time since their erection Wednesday night, had his curiosity prompted him to look toward the implement set for his execution. Fortunately for his feelings, there were other things to engage his thoughts. Ryan's illness during the night, the efforts that were being made to extort a confession from him, the fass of nervous preparation and the eager and almiless bustle that were reflected on the fare of every official of the Sheriff's office who encountered the gaze of the condemied much have served to provoke a spirit of resistance that found relief in a sort of heroism which remained with him to the last. Between ten o'clock in the morning

culprit from the floor and hold him suspended until his life had obbed away. As the hour of elevan approached there were glances toward the prisoner's cell, glances of expectancy mingled with a shadow of impatience, for eleven, it should be remembered, was the traditional hour of doom.

IN THE DOANED MAN'S CELL.

While the expectant crowd without were awaiting the Sheriff's orders to have the prisoner brought forth there were in progress active preparations within the cell, by the unfortunate victim, to meet his end. Colonel Johnson, the warden of the jail, presuming on the familiarity of his official acquaintance, sought to obtain a confession from Oschwald at the last moment. "Charley," he said, as he entered his cell to bid him goodby, "in a very little while you will go before your God, and you will have to account for all your deeds; now, let me beg of you not to go before flim with a hie upon your lips. Toll the truth before you die; tell me what you know about this murder."

"Colonel, I am innocent," Oschwald said in answer; "before God I know nothing of this thing."

Before his death, and just as he was about to breathe his iast, Ryan had similarily answered a like appeal. Not so much attention was paid to his denial, for he had the unfortunate reputation of the experienced criminal. Eut now that he was cead, and that death unavoidable stared the other in the face, it was thought that an admission of some considerable importance might have been obtained from him before being led to the hangman, but as the black cap was being adjusted his words were:—

"He boath scane."

Presently there was a lidi in the conversation of the waiting crowd, the Sheriff appeared in front of Oschwald's ceil and in a moment the culprit stepped forth ready for the scanfold, the black cap resting on the back of his head and his arms pinioned tightly at the elbows. He wore a black vest and trowsers, a nest waite shirt, low shoes and white socks. His coat was not on. The heels of his shoes were tied together by a string about a f

clergyman, said to Coionel Davis, the chief Deputy Sheriff, who had charge of him:—

"Coionel, do it well."

In less than a minute after his arrival at the seaffold his struggle had commenced. The Sheriff passed behind the screen and made a downward motion with a fan he heid in his hand. There was a click as of the yielding of a spring. Some one had stepped on the board, releasing the weights, which tell into the cellar and jerked Oschwald into the air. It was evident that the jerk was not sufficient to dislocate his neck, so he must doe slowly by strangulation. His hands and iorearms, which were lived as he stood at the gallows, rose and fell; there were some slight but prolonged contortions of his netter limbs, a barely perceptible struggle in the chest, and he hung lmp from the fatal cord. He had gone to his death caimly, with apparently a full consciousness of the situation, and what seemed a smile upon his face. Now he had been hanging only five minutes, and by the doctors' orders his pinned arms were released. Two dectors were at either wrist keeping a record of his heart beats. But their science could not analyze the heart throbs that followed him to his doom.

Five minutes more and the body was lowered to within a few inches of the floor. While he hangs there slowly releasing his perturbed spirit the spectures press more closely about the body. There were a few with their hats on, but most of them bared their heads. One tall, stout, red-haired man stood close up to the dying man smoking a big cigar. Fitteen minutes past eleven and the doctors' cars are at the class of the dying man smoking a big cigar. Fitteen minutes past eleven and the doctors' cars are at the class of the dying man smoking a big cigar. Fitteen minutes past eleven and the doctors' cars are at the class of the dying man smoking a big cigar. Fitteen minutes more he is pronounced as dead as need be to satisfy "Jersey justice." His body is then lowered and removed to the laundry, where the black cap is removed and the noose cut off, and h

ALLEGED UNLAWFUL CONVERSION.

The Sherifi Yesterday arrested Milton Weston, of Philadelphia, on the complaint of John A. Wallace, Complainant asserts that Weston converted to his own use saty-three bonds of the Bear River Mining, Manufacturing and Railroad Company, valued at \$31.500, and Missouri war claims set down as worth \$10,000; that they had been delivered to defendant in 1873. In default of \$10,000 bail Weston was taken to Ludlow Street Jail. The Sheriff yesterday arrested Milton Weston, of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

DOUGLAS WALKER FAILS TO APPEAR AT JUSTICE WALSH'S COURT, IN ANSWER TO MR. CLARKE'S COMPLAINT-A SHORT SKETCH OF THE CAUSE OF QUARREL.

Justice Walsh had quite a fashionable audience yes terday morning at his court, in the Brooklyn City Hall, as it had been announced that Mr. Douglas Walker's right to horsewhip Mr. Thomas F. Clarke would be discussed and judgment pronounced. The day after the assault took place it was unavoid scandal and the too free mention of an inn against Douglas Walker for assault, upon which the THE POLICE COURT.

yesterday morning at ten o'clock to indicate the ap proach of any trial of social importance. The usua there were only three gentlemen, scated facing the Judge's desk, and the usual batch of reporters gossiping inside the railing. The three gentlemen, however proved to be Mr. Thomas F. C'arke, the complainant, gentiemanly looking young man with a blond mustache and expressive eyes; his friend and counsellor New York, and Mr. Frederick Castner, a member of the Amaranth Society. They were, of course, the observed

coming that way;" and, in obedience to their wishes, he jumped over the rail of the box and ran across the stage. Mr. Clark intends to have the matter thoroughly investigated before the courts, as the lady whose fair name he was anxious to shield from public gossip has insisted upon his obtaining what redress the law can afford him.

A DRUGGIST'S FATAL MISTAKE.

DEATH OF A PHILADELPHIA YOUNG LADY BY ACCIDENTAL POISONING-THE CORONER'S IN-QUEST-CASTOR OIL AND MURIATIC ACID.

The case of Miss Hottie Love was made the subject of a Coroner's investigation this morning by Coroner Goddard. It has not yet been concluded, but it has progressed far enough to show that what was fearedthat the young lady had been poisoned by the culpable mistake of a druggist-is only too true. Muriatic acid appears to be the potson used.

THE INQUEST. The first witness called was Dr. Chapman, who testified :-- I made a post-mortem examination yesterday of the body of Miss Hettie Love, aged nineteen, of No. 1,027 Lingo street; there were no signs of violence; on opening the chest I found the heart enlarged; the stomach and sesophagus exhibited marked signs of congestion, and upon opening them I found great in-

congestion, and upon opening them I lound great infammation; I have no doubt that death was caused by inflammation of the stomach.

William G. Love sworn—I reside at No. 1,027 Lingo street; this is my sister that is dead; I went to the store to get her medicine on Monday evening at halfpast six; I went to the drug store at the northwest corner of Eighteenth and Carpenter, kept by Mr. Isaac Sitier; Mr. Sitier was in the store himself; I went for a cose of castor oil, prepared; he gave it to me in a goldet (gobiet produced); that is the gobiet; he got the castor oil from the second shelf back of the counter; he took one bottle containing castor oil and then got two other bottles; after he gave me the dose it took it home to my sister; she had hardly got the medicine down when she began to vomit; she said the medicine was reasting her; it was burning her severely; I was sent right for Dr. Graham, and he came about half-past seven o'clock.

The young man identified a number of bottles that had been brought from the drug shop and pointed out one of them containing

The young man identifica a number of bottles that had been brought from the drug shop and pointed out one of them containing

MURIATIC ACID

as being one which he thought the druggist had used. A dress stained with a strong acid that had taken the color out was also shown. He identified it as the one has sister had on when she took the medicine.

George Sharp, a lad, sworn—I live at No. 1,022 Lingo street; I went with Love to the drug store to get the medicine; that gentleman over there (pointing to Silter, the prisoner; gave us the medicine; he put it in a tumbler; it was taken from a bottle looking like one of these on the desk.

THE PHYSICIAN'S TRETIMONY.

Dr. James Graham, sworn—I reside at No. 1,342 Pine street; attended the deceased on Monday evening; found her reclining on chairs; they told me she had taken oil and it had burned her throst; I examined the tumbler from which she had taken the dose and found a small quantity of castor oil in it; also an serie inquid; the taking of muriatic acid causes almost immediate rejection and burning of throat; she complained of intense burning in her throat and stemach; she did not complain of thirst; there was intense pain, however, in the throat; the pulse was jos, and very leeble; the tongue and roof of the mouth were blistered; the skin was relaxed; herbrain was perfectly clear; at one time I thought I noticed a wandeging of her brain; I gave her magnesia to neutralize the neid poison in her stomach; atterward bicarbonate of socia and flaxseed too; gave her an injection of morphia and whiskey and applied hot poilties to her stomach and throat; I used the morphia but once; she died about ten o'clock Taesday night; in my opinion death was caused from Inflammation produced by this acid and the shock accompanying it.

Lieutenant Given, of the Pirst Police District, testified that he went to Dr. Sitler's store and spoke to him about the occurrence; the only answer she made was that his supply clerk had prepared the castor oil.

Officer Euward S. Simos testified that